

# THE Tragedie of King Richard the Second:

With new additions of the Parlia-  
ment Scene, and the deposing  
of King Richard.

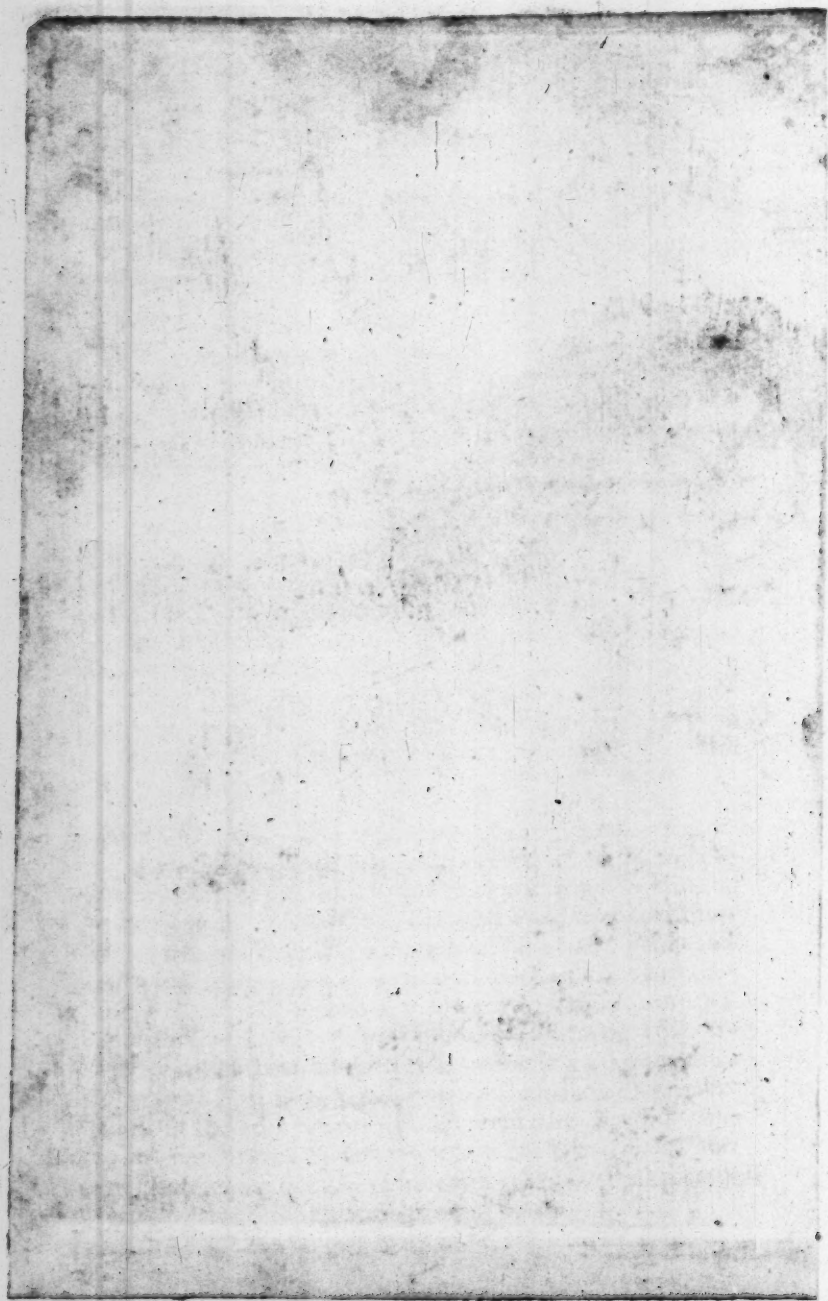
As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges  
Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe.

By *William Shake-speare.*



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1608.







**Enter King Richard, John**

**of Gaunt, with other Nobles**

**and Attendants.**



**O** Lord John of Gaunt, I am honoured. **Longest.**  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither **Henry** thy bold sonne,  
Here to make good the boy's stout late appeale  
Which then our leisure would not let vs heare

Against the Duke of Norfolke, **Thomas Mowbray.**

**Gaunt.** I haue my Leige.

**King.** Tell me more, mayst thou founded him.

If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily, as a good subject should,

On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

**Gaunt.** As neere as I could fit him on that argument,

On some apparant danger seeme in him.

Aimde at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

**King.** Then call them to our presence face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare

The accuser, and the accused freely speake.

Hie stomacke are they both full of ire,

In ragged faces, most high as fire.

**Enter Bullingbrook, and Mowbray.**

**Bulling.** Many years of happy dayes befall

My gracious Soueraigne, my most loving Prince,

**As.**

*The Tragedie of*

*Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,  
Adde in immortall glorie to your Crowne.

*King.* Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Narrowly to appaile each other of high treason.  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou obiekt  
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?

*Bai.* First (heauen be the record to my speech)  
In the deuotion of a subiectes loue,  
Tending the precious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appeallant to this princely presence.  
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.  
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:  
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,  
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it lye.  
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,  
With a foule traytors name stuffe I thy throat,  
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
What my tong speakes, my right drawn sword may proue.

*Mow.* Let not my cold wordes here accuse my weale,  
Tis not the tryall of a Womans weale,  
The bitter humor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause between vs twaine:  
The blood is hotte that must be coole for this,  
Yet can I not off such a patience booke,  
As to be husht and taught in all so fast.  
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse countermand  
From giuing reynes and spurres to my free speech,  
Which else would port vntill it had remand  
These termes of treason doubled downe his throat;  
Setting a side his high bloods hotte choller,  
And let him be as patient to my Arrester.

*Line 3 an immortal. 7 Herford.*

*King Richard the Second.*

I doe defie him, and spit at him;  
Call him a slaundersous Coward and a Villaine:  
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,  
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,  
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where euer English man durst set his foote.  
Meant time, let this defend my loyaltie,  
By all my hopes, most falsly doth he lie.

*Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclayming here the kinred of a King,  
And lay aside my high bloods royaltye,  
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.  
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,  
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stoopet  
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuise.

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that Sword I sweare,  
Which gently laydemy Knighthood on my shoulder,  
He answer thee in any faire degree:  
Or chiuallrous desigae of Knightly tryall.  
And when I mount a line, a line may I not light,  
If I be Traitor, or vainly fight.

*King.* What doth our Coolin lay to Mowbrays charges?  
It must be great that can inherite vs,  
So much as of a thought of ill is kin.

*Bul.* Look what I sayd, my life shall proue it true,  
That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand Nobles,  
In name of lendinges, for your Highnesse Souldiours:  
The which he hath detain'd for leuied employments,  
Like a false Traytour, and inuious Villaine.  
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,  
Or here, or else where, to the furthest Vorge  
That euer was bindeyed by English eye,  
That all the treasures for these eightene years,  
Comploted and committed in this Land,  
Fetcht from false Mowbray, shal be first allred and sprung.

ed T

A 3.

Further

*Line 1 and spit. 11 of the king.*  
18 - or thou canst worse devise.  
23 And when I mount a line, a line may I not light.  
28 - what I speak - ult. Fetch from



Further I say, and further will maintain  
Vpon his bad life to make all this good  
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death  
Suggest his soone belceuing aduersaries  
And consequently like a Traitor Coward  
Slurte out his innocent soule through streames of blood  
Which blood, like sacrificing, cries  
Even from the tonguelesse Caverns of the earth  
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement  
And by the glorious worth of my descent  
This Arme shall do, on this Life be spent  
*King.* How high a pitch his resolution sares  
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this  
*Mowb.* Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face  
And bid his eares a little while be deaf  
Till I haue told this slander of his blood  
How God, and good men hate his foule alvery  
*King.* Mowbray, impartiall me our eyes and eares  
Were he my Brother, nay, my Kingdomes Heire  
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne  
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow  
Such neighbour deere to our sacred blood  
Should nothing prouide him, nor partialize  
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soules  
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou  
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow  
*Mowb.* Then Bullingbroke, as low as to thy heart  
Through the false passage of thy mouth thou hast  
Three partes of that repute I had for Calles  
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours  
The other part I sent to his highnesse  
For that my Soueraigne was in my debt  
Vpon remainder of a few pennies  
Since last I went to fetch his Queene  
Now swallow down this lie For Glosters death  
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace  
Neglected my sworn charge in that case  
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster

Since so Disburst I duly to my own



*Richard the Second*

The honourable Father to my foe, you which shal be did W  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life; *Hammer*  
 A trespassse that doth veice my greued souler  
 Ah, but eno I last receiue the Sacrament,  
 I did confesse it, and exactly begde  
 Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it  
 This is my fault; as for the rest appeale  
 It issues from the fault of a Villaine,  
 A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,  
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend  
 And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,  
 Tpon this overweeling traitours foote,  
 To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman;  
 Euen in the best blood chamberd in his bosome  
 In hallow whet of most hartly I pray  
 Your highnesse to assigne our trial day  
*King.* Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me;  
 Lets purge this choler without letting blood;  
 This we prescribe, though no Phisition  
 Deepe Malice makes too deepe incisions  
 Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed;  
 Our Doctors say, this is no mouth to bleed;  
 Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunneth  
 Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne  
 To be a make peace, shall become my age;  
 Throw downe (my forme) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.  
*King.* And Norfolke throw downe his  
*Gauin.* When Harrie, when obedience bids,  
 Obedience bid I should not bid againe.  
*King.* Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boot.  
*Mowb.* My selfe I throw (dread soveraigne) at thy foote,  
 My life thou shalt consume, but not my name;  
 The one my selfe I throw, but my faire name;  
 Despight of Death that liues vpon my Grace,  
 To darke Dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue;  
 I am disgraced, impeachd, and baffild heere;  
 Pierst to the soule with Slanders venomd speare,  
 The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood  
 Which

*Line 11 my gage. 12 Upon this—  
 28 When Harry? when obedience bids—*

Which breathe this poyson.  
*King.* Rage must be withstood.  
 Give me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.  
*Mowb.* Yea, but not change his spot, take but my shame,  
 And I resign my gage, my deare deare Lord.  
 The purest treasure most all times afford,  
 Is spotlesse reputation, that away,  
 Men are but gilded Loame, or painted Clay:  
 A Jewell in a tennet times hard vpon Chest,  
 Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.  
 Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one,  
 Take Honour from me, and my life is done.  
 Then (deare my Leige) mine Honour let me try,  
 In that I liue, and for that will I die.  
*King.* Cousin, throw vp your gage, do you begin.  
*Bul.* O God defend my soule from such deep shame,  
 Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers fight?  
 Or with pale bigger face impeach my high,  
 Before this our darde dauid: Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parloe, my teeth shall teare  
 The flauish motiue of recarning feare,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.  
*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to commaund,  
 Which since we can not do, to make you friendes,  
 Berady (as your life shall answer it)  
 At Caen vpon Saint Landards day:  
 There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate  
 The swelling difference of your setled hate.  
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
 Iustice designe the Victors chivalrie.  
 Lord Marshall, commaund our Officers at Armes,  
 Be readie to direct these home allarmes.  
*Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Duke of Glouster.*  
*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstockes blood,  
 Doth more sollicite me, than your exclamation.  
 To

Line 18 pale bigger fear 31 we shall.

*Richard the Second*

To stirre against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lyeth in those handes,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven;  
Who when they see the howers ripe on earth,  
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

*Duchesse.* findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre  
Hath loue in thy old blood no living fire  
*Edwards* seauen sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,  
Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,

Or seauen faire Branches springing from one roote:

Some of those seauen are dried by Natures course;

Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut:

But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,

One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,

One flourishing Branch of his most royall roote

Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,

Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded

By Enuies hand, and Murders bloodie axe.

Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,

That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee,

Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,

Yet art thou slaine in him, thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy fathers death,

In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,

Who was the modell of thy fathers life:

Call it not *Patience*, *Gaunt*, it is *Dispaire*,

In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred,

Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:

That which in meane men we intitle *Patience*,

Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.

What shall I say? to safegard thy owne life,

The best way is, to venge my *Gaunt* death.

*Gaunt.* Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,

His deputie annoynted in his fight,

Hath causd his death, the which if wrongfully,

Let Heaven reuenge, for I may neuer lift

B.

An

*Line 18 Were as seauen - 33 thine own*



*The Tragedie of*

An angrie arme against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then may I complaine my selfe.

*Gaunt.* To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then I will : farewell old Gaunt,

Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold

Our Cousin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.

O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare;

That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.

Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,

That they may breake his foming Coursers backe;

And throw the rider headlong in the listes,

A catiue recreant to my Cousin Herford.

Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife;

With her companion, grieve must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister farewell, I must to Couentry.

As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.

*Duch.* Yet one word more, grieve boundeth where it falls.

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight.

I take my leaue before I haue begunne;

For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done.

Commende me to my brother Edmund Yorke;

Loe this is all : may yet depart not so.

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe;

I shall remember more : Bidd him, ah what.

With all good speed at Plashie visit me.

Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,

But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht Walles,

Vnpeopled Offices, vtrodden Stones;

And what heare there for welcome, but my groans.

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwells every where;

Desolate, desolate will I hence and die.

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

*Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke of Aumerle.*

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle is Harry Ketford arriu'd.

*Aum.* Yea at all poyntes and long to enter in.

*Mar.*

Line 2. Where then may I - 6 Herford  
7 Herford, 8 butchers Mowbraies -  
13 Herford. 19 Not with the emptines, hollownesse;  
30 And what chauce. - penneth Harry Herford -



*Richard the Second.*

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk sprightly and bold,  
Staieth but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

*Aum.* Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay  
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they  
are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armour descendant.*

*King.* Marshall demand of yonder Champion,  
The cause of his arriuall here in armes,  
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede  
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,  
And why thou comest thus Knightly clad in armes?  
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,  
Speake truly on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,  
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolk,  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)  
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,  
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,  
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,  
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,  
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me:  
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford  
appellans in armour*

*King.* Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,  
Before King Richard in his royall lists?  
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?  
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

B 2

Bel

*Line 13 and what thy-- 26 Herford*

*The Tragedie of*

*Bul.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie  
Am I, who readie here do stand in Armes,  
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodie valour  
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*,  
That he is a Traitor foule and dangerous,  
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:  
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*Mar.* On paine of death no person be so bolde  
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,  
Except the Martiall and such officers  
Appointed to direct their faire designs.

*Bul.* Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand:  
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,  
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,  
That vow a long and wearie pilgimage,  
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,  
And louing farewell of our feuerall friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all dutie greets your highnesse,  
And craves to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

*King.* We will descend and folde him in our armes.  
Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royall fight.  
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou shedd,  
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

*Bul.* O let no noble cie prophane a tear  
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes speare:  
As confident as is the Falcons flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:  
Of you (my noble Cousin) Lord Aunant,  
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,  
But lustie, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath,  
Loe, as at English feasts so I regeere  
The daintiest last, to make the end most swete.  
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,  
Whose youthfull spirit in me reuerberate,  
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp  
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

*Add*

*Line 24 the dead. Kt. at victorie*

*King Richard the Second.*

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,  
And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,  
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,  
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,  
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his Sonne.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.  
Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the eake  
Of thy aduerser pernicious enemy.  
Rowse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and line.

*Bul.* Mine innocence and Saint George to thine.

*Mow.* How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,  
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,  
A loyall, iust, and vpriight Gentleman,  
Neuer did captiue with softer heart  
Cast off his Chaynes of bondage and embrace,  
His Golden vnto the first franchise ment,  
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine a terrorarie  
Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,  
Take from my mouth the wist of happie yeares,  
As gentle and as loyall as I can be,  
God I tonight both hath and shal be.

*King.* Farewell my Lord, securely I espie  
Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,  
Order the trial Marshall, and beginne.

*Marr.* Harrie off Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,  
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.

*Bul.* Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

*Marr.* Go beate this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolk.

*Herald.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby  
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,  
On paine to be found false and recreant,  
To proue the Duke of Norfolkke Thomas Mowbray,  
A Traitor to his God, his King, and himselfe,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*Har.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolkke,

B3.

On

*Line 14 There liues or -- 29 the right.*  
*36 A traitor to God -- Pendeth forward --*



*The Tragedie of*

On paine to be found false and receant,  
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue  
Henry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,  
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall,  
Couragiously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signall to begin.

*Mart.* Sound Trumpets, and set forth Combatants:  
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

*King.* Let them lay by their Helmes, and their Spears,  
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:  
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,  
While we returne these Dukes what we desire.  
Draw neere, and lift

What with our Counsell we haue done,  
For that our kingdoms earth should not be soyl'd  
With that deare blood which it hath fostered

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of ciuill wounds plough'd vp with neighbours swords

And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride  
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts

With riuall-hating Enuie set on you,  
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle

Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,  
Which so round vp with boystrous vntuade drummes,

With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,  
And grating shock of vrrathfull yron armes,

Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,  
And make vs vvade euen in our kinreds blood:

Therefore vva banish you our territories.  
You Cousin Herford, vpon paine of life,

Till twyce fine Summers haue enricht our field,  
Shall not regrette our faire dominions,

But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.  
*Bel.* Your vvill be done; this must my comfort be,

That Sunne that vvarmes you heere, shall shine on me,  
And those his golden beames vnto you beere lent,

Shall poynt on me, and guild my banishment.  
*King.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doome,

Which

*Line 2 to defend - 3 Herford. 7 set  
forward combatants. 9 thrown. 18 Off  
cruel wounds - 23 Draw the - 26 Shock  
of harsh resounding armes. 29 Herford  
30 our fields. 35 beames to you -*



*King Richard the Second.*

Which I with some vnwillinges pronounce,  
The slow houres shall not determinate  
The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:  
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,  
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

*Mow.* A heauie sentence, my most soueraine Liege,  
And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.

A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayne,  
As to be cast forth in the common ayre,  
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:  
The language I haue leard these forty yeates,  
My natie English now I must forgoe,  
And now my tongues vse is to me no more  
Than an vnstringed viol or a harpe,  
Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,  
Or being open, put into his hands  
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,  
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,  
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my Tayler to attende on me:  
I am too old to fawne vpon an Nurse;  
Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.

What is thy sentence but speechlesse death,  
Which robbes my tongue from breathing native breath?

*King.* If bootes thee not to be compassionate,  
After our sentence, playting comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my Countie light,  
To dwell in solitarie shades of endlesse night.

*King.* Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,  
Lay on our royall sword your banish hands.  
Swear by the dutie that you owe to God,  
(Our part thereto we banish with your selves)  
To keepe the oath that you haue administered:  
You neuer shall, to helpe you trust and God;  
Embrace each others loue in banishment;  
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face;  
Nor neuer vniuere, reuerie, nor reconcile.

*This*

*Line 18 cage sold - 19 portcullist -  
22 upon a nurse -*

*The Tragedie of*

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate, shew I did  
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete, nor wold I  
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill, against  
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

*Bul.* I sweare.

*Mon.* And I to keepe all this.

*Bul.* Norfolk, so fare ye to mine enemies.

By this time, had the King permitted  
One of our foules had wandred in the ayre  
Banisht this frayle Sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banisht from this land:  
Confesse thy treasons, ere thou fly the Red line,  
Since thou hast farr to go, beke not along  
The cloging burthen of a guiltie soule.

*Mon.* No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traytour.

My name be blotted from the Booke of life,  
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,  
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall see:  
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I stray,  
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.

*King.* Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares  
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen Winters spent  
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

*Bul.* How long a time lies in one little word,  
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,  
And in a word, such is the breach of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my Liege, that in regard of mee,  
He shortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile,  
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:  
For ere the five yeares that he hath to spend  
Can change their mooney, and bring their times about,  
My oyle-dried lamp, and time beuastled light  
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold Death not let me see my Sonne.

*King.*

*Line 1 This lowring 2 Antiprith rightes.*

*Richard the Second.*

*King.* Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeares to liue.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue:  
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.  
Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,  
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

*King.* Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,  
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,  
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

*Gaunt.* Things sweete to taste, prooue in digestion sowre.  
You yrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather  
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.  
Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:  
A partiall slaunder sought I to anoyde,  
And in the sentence, my owne life destroyde.  
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine owne away:  
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

*King.* Coosin farewell, and Vnckle bid him so;  
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

*An.* Coosin farewell; what presence must not know  
From where you do remaine, let Paper show,

*Mur.* My Lord, no leane take I, for I will ride  
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose doest thou heare thy words,  
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

*Bul.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,  
When the tongues office should be prodigall,  
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

*Bul.* Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.

*Bul.* To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

C.

Bul.

Line 9 banisht upon goal - 13 You argue -  
16 I should have - 17 ought I -  
33 the abundant dolour



*The Tragedie of*

*Bal.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

*Gau.* The fullen passage of thy wearie steps,  
Esteeme a soyle wherein thou art to set,  
The precious lewell of thy home returne.

*Bal.* Nay rather euerie tedious stride I make,  
Will but remember me what deale of world  
I wander from the Jewels that I loue.  
Must I not serue a long apprenticeshood  
To forren passages, and in the end,  
Hauing my freedom, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a journey man to griefe?

*Gau.* All places that the eie of heauen visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy haueis.  
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus:  
There is no vertue like necessitie  
Thinks not the King did banish thee  
But thou the King, who doth the heauier sit,  
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not the King, who doth thee, or suppose  
Denouring pestilence hangs in our aire,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it  
To by that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:  
Suppose the singing birds mutations,  
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,  
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more.  
Then a delightfull measure or a daunce;  
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite.  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Bal.* Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?  
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

*Giues*

*Line 4. to come as fogles & what a deale*



*Richard the Second.*

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more  
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

*Gaunt.* Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way,  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew,  
My Mother and my nurse that beares me yet.  
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banisht, yera true borne Englishman. *Exunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one doore, and the  
Lord Ananias at the other.*

*King.* We did obserue Cousin Ananias,  
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?

*Anm.* I brought high Herford, if you call him so,  
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

*King.* And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

*Anm.* Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,  
Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
Awakt the sleepe rewme, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

*King.* What said your cousin when you parted with him?

*An.* Farewell, and for my heart disdaind that my tongue  
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,  
To counterfaine oppression of such griefe,  
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:  
Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,  
And added yeeres to his short banishment,  
He should haue had a volume of farewells:  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*King.* He is our Cousins Cousin, but tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends:

Our selfe and Bushie,  
Observed his courtship to the common people,  
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar curtesie,  
With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

C2

Woolling

Line 3 - when he bites - 13 Herford -

18 - our faces - 19 shew me 21 out cast in

32 come.

*The Tragedie of*

Wooing poore Craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,  
As were to banish their affects with him,  
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyler-wench,  
A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,  
As were our England in reuersion his,  
And he our subiectes next degree in hope.

*Grav.* Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.  
Now for the Rebels which stand out in *Ireland*,  
Expedient mannage must be made (my Liege)  
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes  
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

*King.* We will our selfe in person to this Warre,  
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court  
And liberall larges, are growne somewhat light;  
We are inforced to farme our royall Realme,  
The revenue whereof shall furnish vs  
For our affaires in hand if that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke Charters,  
Where to, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold;  
And send them after to supply our wants,  
For we will make far *Ireland* presently.

*Enter Bishop and others.*

*Bish.* Old Iohn of Gaunt is grievous sick, my Lord;  
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post hast  
To intreate your Maiestie to visit him.

*King.* Where lies he?

*Bish.* At Ely house.

*King.* Now put it (God) into the Physicians minds,  
To helpe him to his Graue immediately:

The linyng of his Coffers shall make coates,  
To decke our Souldiours for these *Irish* Warres.  
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe visit him,  
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late:

*Amen.*

*Exeunt  
Enter*

*Line 17 growen 32 God in the.*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Enter Iohn of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breath my last,  
In holsome counsell to his vnstayed youth?

*Yorke.* Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breath  
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

*Gaunt.* Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,  
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie :

Where wordes are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,  
For they breath trueth that breath their words in paine.

He that no more must say, is listned more

Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to close.

More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:

The setting Sunne, and Musicke at the close,

As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last.

Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.

Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,

My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

*Yorke.* No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,

As pray ses of his state: then there are found

Lasciuous Meeters, to whose venom sound

The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.

Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,

Whose manners still our tardie apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,

So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That is not quickly buzz into his eares:

Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard.

Where Will doth mutinie with Wishes regard.

Direct not him whose way himselfe will chouse,

Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

*Gaunt.* Mee thinkes I am a Prophet new inspirde,

And thus expiring, do foretell of him,

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:

For violent fires soone burne out themselves,

Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short:

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.

C 3

With

*Line 11 have taught. 13 the close.  
19 As praises of whose taste the wise are found*



*The Tragedie of*

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,  
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.  
Consuming meanes soone prays vpon it selfe:  
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,  
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,  
This other Eden, demie Paradise,  
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
Against infection, and the hand of Warre,  
This happy breede of Men, this little World,  
This precious Scape set in the siluer sea,  
Which serues it in the office of a Wall,  
Or as a Moate defensiu to a house,  
Against the enuie of lesse happier Lands:  
This blessed plote, this Earth, this Realme, this England,  
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,  
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,  
For christian seruice and true chivalrie,  
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Iewrie,  
Of the worldes ran some, blessed Maries sonne:  
This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land,  
Deare for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)  
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme,  
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,  
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege  
Of warry Neptune, is now bound in with Age,  
With Inkie blotter, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
That England that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:  
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death,  
York. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,  
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

*Enter the King and Queene, &c.*

*Queene.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

*King.* What comfort man; how ill with aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.*

*Line 17 Renowned for this - 23 leasde  
31 vanish.*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Gaunt.* O how that name befits my composition,  
Old Gaunt in deede, and gaunt in being old;  
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.  
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;  
Watching breeds leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:  
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,  
Is my strict fast; I meane my Childrens lookes,  
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.  
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,  
Whose hollow wombe inherites nought but bones.

*King.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.  
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,  
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

*King.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men liuing flatter those that die.

*King.* Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*King.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill;  
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,

And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,

Commitst thy annoynd body to the cure

Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:

A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne;

Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;

And yet intraged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:

O had thy Grandfire with a Prophete eye,

Scene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes.

From soorth thy reach he would haue laide thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,

Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.

Why Cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

*But*

*line 15 I mocke 16 flatter with those -  
20 I built, and see - 23 than thy land,*

*The Tragedie of*

But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?  
Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,  
Thy state of law is bondslauē to the law,  
And thou.

*King.* Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,  
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,  
Darest vwith thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall blood  
With furie from his natieue residence.  
Now by my Seates right royall maiestie  
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward* sonne,  
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,  
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

*Gauin.* Oh spare me not my brother *Edward* sonne,  
For that I was his father *Edward* sonne:  
That blood already, like the Pellican,  
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:  
My brother *Glaucier*, plaine well meaning soule,  
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,  
May be a president and witnes good,  
That thou respectst not spilling *Edward* blood.  
Ioyne with the present sicknes that I haue,  
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too long withered flower.  
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame vwith thee:  
These Wordes hereafter, thy tormentors be:  
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,  
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

*Exit.*

*King.* And let them die, that age and fullens haue,  
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

*Turk.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words  
To wayward sicklynes and age in him:  
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,  
As *Harry* Duke of *Hanford*, were he heere.

*King.* Right, you say true, as *Hanford* loues, so his:  
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

*Exit.*

*Line 6 A lunaticke. 15 brother's -*  
*18 tapt out - Antepenult. Hanford*  
*37 Hanford 38 and all be -*



*Richard the Second.*

*North.* My Liege, old *Gaunt* commendeth him to your Ma-

*King.* What sayes hee? *(sitteth.)*

*North.* Nothing, all is sayd;

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,

Wordes, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

*Torke.* Be *Torke* the next that must be banckrout so,  
Though Death be peore, it ends a mortall wo.

*King.* The ripest Fruite first fallēs, and so doth he;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,

Which liue like venome, where no venome else

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affayres do aske some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,

The Plate, Coyne, Reuengues, and moucables

Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

*Torke.* How long shall I be patient? Ah how long  
Shall tender duetie makeme suffer wrong?

Not *Glocesters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,

Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,

Haue euer mademe sower my patient cheeke,

Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the last of the noble *Edwards* sonnes,

Of whom thy father *Prince of Wales* was first.

In Warre, was neuer *Lion* ragde more fierce:

In Peace, was neuer gentle *Lamb* more milde

Then was that young and princely Gentleman:

His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,

Accomplisht with a number of thy houres,

But when he frowned, it was against the French,

And not against his Friendes: his noble hand

Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:

His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Line 3. Say nothing, 11 kernes. 26 of nothing.

*The Tragedie of*

Oh Richard: Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,  
Or else he neuer would compare betweene,

*King.* Why Vnckle, whats the matter?

*Yorke.* Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,

If not, I please, not to be pardoned, am content with all;

Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,

The royalties and rights of banished Herford;

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?

Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserue to have an heyre?

Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?

Take Herfords rights away, and take from time

His Charters and his custumarie rights;

Let not to morrow then ensue to day:

Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,

But by faire sequence, and succession?

Now as for God, God forbid I say true,

If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,

Call in the Letters patents that he hath

By his attornies generall to sue

His liuery, and deny his offered homage,

You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,

And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,

Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

*King.* Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money and his land;

*Yorke.* Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,

What will intue here of, there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be vnderstood,

That their euents can neuer fall our good.

*King.* Go But he, to the Earle of Willeshire straight,

Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,

To see this businesse: to morrow next

We will for Ireland, and tis time I trow,

And we create in absence of our selfe,

Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;

For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well.

*Come.*

*Line 7 Herford & Herford. 12 Herfords.  
18 Herfords. 27 Landes.*

*Richard the Second.*

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
Be merry for our time of stay is short.

*Exeunt King and Queene. Enter North.*

*North.* Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Rosse.* And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

*Willoughb.* Barely in title, not in renewes.

*North.* Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

*Rosse.* My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,  
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

*North.* Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speak more,  
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

*Willoughb.* Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of  
If it be so, out with it boldly man, (Herford?)

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

*Rosse.* No good at all, that I can doe for him:

Unlesse you call it good, to pittie him,  
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.

*North.* Now afore God it is shame, such wrongs are borne  
In him a royall Prince, and many mo  
Of noble blood in this declining land:  
The King is not himselfe, but baceely led  
By flatterers, and what they will informe,  
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,  
That will the King seuerely prosecute,  
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

*Rosse.* The Commons hath he pild with grievous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts: The Nobles hath he fin'd  
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willoughb.* And dayly new exactions are deuise,  
As Blanckes, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.

*North.* But what a Gods name doth become of this?

*Willoughb.* Warres hath not wasted as for warr'd he hath not,  
But baceely yielded vpon compromise,  
That which his noble Auncestors atchiude with blowes:  
More hath he spent in peate, then they in Warres.

*Rosse.* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

*Willoughb.* The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

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D 2

*North.*

*Line ut. The king grown.*



*The Tragedie of*

*North.* Reproach and desolation hangeth ouer him.

*Rosse.* He hath not Money for these Irish Warres,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman most degenerate King :  
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,  
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.  
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sayles,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rosse.* We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,  
And vnauoyded is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

*North.* Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,  
I espie life peering ; but I dare not say,  
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Rosse.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,  
We three are but thy selfe ; and speaking so ;  
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

*North.* Then thus : I haue from *Le Port Blanc*  
(A Bay in *Brittain*) receiued intelligence,  
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Raynold L. Cobham,  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter  
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,  
Sir Iohn Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,  
All these, well furnished by the Duke of Brittain,  
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore ;  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the King for Ireland ;  
If then we shall shake off our Countreys slavish yoke,  
Impe out our drowping Countreys broken wing,  
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guile,  
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurghe.

*Line 33 our slavish yoke. — 35 broken pawne.*

*King Richard the Second.*

But if you faint, as feareing to do so,  
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

*Rose.* To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

*Exunt.*

*Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.*

*Bush.* Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,  
You promist when you parted with the King,  
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,  
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.

*Queene.* To please the King I did, to please my selfe  
It cannot doo it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,  
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,  
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes  
Some vnborne Sorrow ripen Fortunes wombe,  
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,  
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,  
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

*Bush.* Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,  
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:  
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,  
Deuides one thing entire to many objects.  
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,  
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,  
Distinguisht forme: so your sweete Maestie,  
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,  
Finde shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,  
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes  
Of what it is not, then thrize (gracious Queene)  
More then your Lordes departure weepe not, more is not.  
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes, (seeing)  
Which for things true, weepes things imaginario.

*Queene.* It may be so, but yet my inward soule  
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,  
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,  
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrink.

D. 3

*Bushie.*

*Line 9 - life harming - 32 Sorrowes eye.  
37 As thought.*

*The Tragedie of*

*Bush.* Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)  
*Queene.* Tis nothing lesse, Conceite is still deride,  
 From my Lord father Griefe, mine is not for  
 For nothing hath begot my something griefe,  
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve,  
 Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse:  
 But what is that is not yet knowne, what  
 I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.  
*Greene.* God saue your Maiestie, & well met Gentlemen,  
 I hope the King is not yet shippe for Ireland.  
*Queene.* Why hopest thou for tis better hope he is,  
 For his delignes craue haste, his haste good hope,  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shippe?  
*Greene.* That he our hope might haue retirede his power,  
 And driven into despaire an enemies hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land,  
 The banisht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,  
 And with yplified armes is late arriued at *Rauenfporgh*.  
*Queene.* Now God in heauen forbid.  
*Greene.* Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worse:  
 The Lord Northumberland, his young Sonne *H. Piercie*,  
 The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,  
 With all their powerfull friendes, are fled to him.  
*Bush.* Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland?  
 And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours?  
*Greene.* We haue, wherevpon the Earle of *Worcester*  
 Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,  
 And at the haughthold seruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke*.  
*Queene.* So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,  
 And *Bullingbrooke*, my sorrowes dismall heire:  
 Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,  
 And I a gasping new deliuered mother,  
 Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyned.  
*Bush.* Dispaire not Madam.  
*Queene.* Who shall hinder mee  
 I will dispaire and be at enmitie  
 With couctous Hope, he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper backe of death.

Who

Line 21 his sonne young H. Piercie. 25 And  
 all the rest reuolled faction traytors.  
 26 hath broken. 28 midwife to my- 36 With  
 counselling hope.



*King Richard the Second.*

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, word went I  
Which false Hopelingers in extremitie.

*Griene.* Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Quene.* With signes of Warre about his aged necke:  
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.

*Yorke.* Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and grieve.

Your Husband he is gone to faue faue off,

Whilft others come to make him loose at home:

Heere am I left to vnderprop his kind.

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.

Now comes the sickle houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he trie his Friendes that flattered him.

*Seruingman.* My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came,

*Yorke.* He was, why for, go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold take my Ring.

*Seruing.* My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,

To day I came by and called there,

But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

*Yorke.* What is't knane?

*Seruingman.* An houre before I came, the Dutchesse died.

*Yorke.* God, for his mercie, what a tyde of woes

Comes rushing on this wofull Land at once:

I know not what to doe: I would to God

(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What are there two Polls all paynt for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come Sister, Cousin I would say: pray pardon me:

Goe fellow, get thee home, provide some Cart,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

*Line 9 enters. 19 Herfords.*

24 To day as I came by I called there.

33 What are there no possh.

*The Tragedie of*

If I know how or which way to order these affaires,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Neuer beleue mee: both are my kinsmen,  
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath  
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,  
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,  
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right,  
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,  
He dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,  
And meete me presently at Barkly:  
I should to Plashie goe, but time will not permit:  
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at sixe and seauen.

*Exiunt Duke & Queens: remane Bush and Greene.*

*Bush.* The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,  
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power  
Proportionable to the enemye, is all vnpossible.

*Greene.* Besides, our neereueltie to the King in loue,  
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

*Beg.* And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue  
Lies in their Purset, and who so empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bush.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

*Beg.* If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

*Greene.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,  
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bush.* Thither will I with you for little office  
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,  
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:  
Will you goe along with vs?

*Beg.* No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:  
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,  
We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

*Bush.* That as Yorke shrines to beat backe Bullingbrook.

*Greene.* Alas poore Duke, the task he vndertakes,  
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Ocean dry,  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:  
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

*Bush.*

*Line 29 to piece.*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Bush.* Well, we may merite againe.

*Bag.* I feare me neuer.

*Enter Bloufard: Northumberland.*

*Bull.* How farte is it my Lord to Barckly now?

*North.* Beloeue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,

Thesefhigh wild hills and rough vneuen wayes,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,

And yet your faire discourse hath bene as sugar,

Making the hard way sweete and delectable:

But I bethinke me what a weary way,

From Raucenspurgh to Cortshall will be found,

In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,

Which I protest hath very much beguild

The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue

The present benefite that I possesse,

And hope to ioy is littlelesse in ioy,

Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords

Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

*Bul.* Of much lesse value is my company,

Then your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter Harry Persie.*

*North.* It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,

Sent from my brother Worcester whence so euer:

Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

(of you.

*H. Per.* I had thought my Lord to haue learned his healeth

*North.* Why? is he not with the Queene?

*H. Per.* Now my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,

Broken his staffe of office, and disperst

The household of the King:

*North.* What was his reason? he was not so resolute,

When last we spake together.

*H. Per.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytour;

But he my Lord, is gone to Raucenspurgh,

To offer seruice to the Duke of Harford,

And sent me ouer by Barckly to discover

What

Line 6 stranger herein -- 17 which I.  
35 your Lo. 36 my Lo. 37 Harford



*The Tragedie of*

What power the duke of Yorke had lent there,

Then with directions, to repaire to Ravenspurch.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of *Hertford*, boy?

*H. Per.* No my good Lord for that is not forgot

Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge.

Ineuer in my life did looke on him.

*North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke

*H. Per.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,

Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme

To more approued seruice and desert.

*Bull.* I thanke thee gentle *Perse*, and be sure,

To count my selfe in nothing else so happy,

As in a soule remembering my good friends

And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,

It shall be still thy true loues recompence.

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturres

Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?

*H. Per.* There standes the Castle by yon tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard

And in it are the Lordes of *Turke*, *Barkley*, and *Symer*,

None else of name and noble estimation.

*North.* Here come the Lordes of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,

Bloody with spurring, flye red with haste.

*Bull.* Welcome my Lordes, I woe your loue pursues

A bountie traitour: all my treasury

Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich,

Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

*Ross.* Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

*Will.* And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

*Bull.* Euen more thanke's the Exchequer of the peere,

Which till my infant fortune comes to years,

Standes for my bounty: but who comes heere?

*North.* It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guesse.

*Barkley.* My Lord of *Hertford*, my message is to you.

*Bull.* My Lord, my answer is to *London*,

And I am come to seeke that traitor in England,

And

*Line 3 Hertford's boy. 23 estimate.*  
*36 Hertford*

*Richard the Second.*

And I must finde that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to ought you say.

*Bark.* Mistake me not my Lord, it is not my meaning  
To race one title of your Honour out:

To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,  
From the most glorious of this land,

The Duke of *Torke*, to know what pricketh you on,  
To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes?

*Bul.* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!

*Torke.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Bul.* My gracious Vnckle?

*Torke.* Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vncle me no vncle,  
I am no Traitors vncle; and that word Grace

In an vngracious mouth, is but prephane:  
Why haue those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?

But more than why? Why haue they dar'd to march  
So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,

Frying her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,  
And ostentation of despis'd Armes?

Com'st thou because th' annoy'd King is hence?  
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyall bosome yet his power:  
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Garr* thy father, and thy selfe,  
Rescu'd the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,

From forth the rankes of many thousand French,  
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,

Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Bul.* My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*Torke.* Even in condition of the worst degree,  
In grosse rebellion, and detest'd treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and heere art come,  
E 2 Before

*Line 6. From the most gracious regent of this land.  
20 But then more why? 28 and myselfe.*

*The Tragedie of*

Before the expiration of thy time,  
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

*But.* As I was banisht, I was banisht Herford.

But as I come, I come for Lancaster:

And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace;

Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, or me thinkes in you

I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then Father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties

Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnchristes: wherefore was I borne?

If that my Coosin King be King of England,

It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:

You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my noble Coosin;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod downe;

He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wronges, and chase them to the Bay.

I am denied to sue my liues heart,

And yet my letters patents giue me leaue:

My fathers goodes are all distrain'd and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse employed.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subject,

And I challenge Law; Attornies are denide me,

And therefore personally I lay my claime

To my inheritaunce of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

*Rafe.* It standes your Grace vpon to do him right.

*Willoughb.* Bafe men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this;

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wronges,

And laboured all I could to doe him right;

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be.

And you that do abuse him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

*North.* The noble Duke hath sworn, his coming is

But

Line 2. thy sovereign -- 7 for me thinke --  
8 O then my father -- 13 in England.



*King Richard the Second.*

But for his owne; and for the right of that,  
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:  
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;  
I cannot mende it, I must needes confesse,  
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:  
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you steepe  
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King:  
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,  
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,  
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Bul.* An offer Vnckle that we will accept;  
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs  
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held  
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,  
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;  
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you; but yett I pause;  
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,  
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

*Enter Earle of Salisburie, and a Welch Captain.*

*Welch.* My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue staide ten dayes,  
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;  
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;  
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

*Salis.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman;  
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Welch.* 'Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay.  
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,  
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen;  
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth;  
And leane-look'd Prophecy whisper fearefull change;  
Rich men looke fadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape;  
The one in feare to loose what they enioy,

E 3.

The

*Line 3 him neuer - 10 known unto you.  
32 are all withered.*

*The Tragedie of*

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.  
These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.  
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,  
I see thy glory like a shooting starre,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,  
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,  
Witnessing stoumes to come, woe and vnest:  
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,  
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

*Enter Duke of Hierford, Yorke, Northumberland,  
Bushie and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,  
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,  
With too much charging your pernicious liues,  
For 'twas no charity; yet to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your death.  
You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,  
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you vnhappy and disfigured cleane,  
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,  
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,  
Broke the possession of a royall bed,  
And stayde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,  
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,  
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,  
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,  
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,  
Haue sloopt my necke vnder your iniuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloues,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
While you haue sild vpon my seigniories,  
Disparted my Parkes, and fild my Forrest woods,  
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,  
Ract out my imprese, leauing me no signe,

Sauo

*Line x the death or fall of kings. 5 with  
the eyes. 20 deaths. 28 by your.  
34 Till you did. 34 Whilst you.  
36 From my own.*

*King Richard the Second.*

Sauemens opinions, and my living blood,  
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer  
To execution and the hand of death.

*Bush.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
Then Bullingbrooke to England: Lords farewell.

*Greene.* My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,  
And plague iniustice with the paines of hells.

*Bull.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch  
Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,  
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated;

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered:

*Torke.* A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatche  
With letters of your loue to her at large;

*Bull.* Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords away,  
To fight with *Glendur* and his complices,  
A while to worke, and after holiday.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Almerick, Carlill, &c.*

*King.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

*Alm.* Yea my Lord; how brooke's your Grace the ayre  
After your late toiling on the breaking Seas?

*King.* Needs must I like it well; I weepe for ioy,

To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe;

Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand;

Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:

As a long parted mother with her child,

Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting:

So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,

And do thee fauour with my royall hands;

Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous sence;

But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,

And heauy gated Toads lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,

Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

*Exeunt.*

*Line 21 call they this - 31 fauours.*



*The Tragedie of*

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:  
And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,  
Guard i'tell pray thee with a lurking Adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,  
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:  
Mocke not my senselesse coniuration Lords:  
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones  
Proue armed Souldiers ere her native King  
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

*Car.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,  
Hath power to keepe you king in spite of all;  
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbract  
And not neglected. Else heauen would,  
And we would not, heauens offer, we refuse.  
The proffered meanes of succours and redresse.

*Ann.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remisse,  
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our security,  
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

*King.* Discomfortable cousin, knowst thou not,  
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid  
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad vntene,  
In murders, and in outrage bloody heere.

But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,  
He fires the proude tops of the esteeme pines,  
And darts his light through euery guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,  
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves:

So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,  
Who all this while hath reeld in the night,  
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,  
Shall see vs, rising in our thrones the East,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his shame,  
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,  
Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The

*Line 9 rebellious armes. 14 And we  
will not; - 16 too remisse. 23 bouldy -  
24 this terrestrial. - 36 humble.*

*King Richard the Second*

The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord:  
For every man that Bullwark hath prest,  
To lift shrewde Steele against our golden crowne,  
God for his Rie: hath in heavenly pay,  
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,  
Weake men must fall: for heauen shall guardes the fight.

*King.* Welcome my Lord: how faine off lies your power.

*Salisb.* Nor more nor farther off, my gracious Lord:  
Than this weake arme, for comfort guides my tongue:  
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire:  
One day too late, I feare my noble Lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,  
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,  
And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day, vnhappy day too late,  
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, frustrates fortune and thy state:  
For all the Wisemen hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to *Bath*, *Breaks*, *disperst*, and fled.

*Ans.* Comfort, my liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

*King.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:  
And till so much blood thither come againe,  
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?  
All soules that will be fild, flie from my side,  
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

*Ans.* Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

*King.* I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?  
Awake thou coward, Maieestic thou sleepest,  
Is not the Kings name a terrible thousand names?  
Arme, arme, my name is my subiects strokes:  
Arthy great glory, take not to the ground,  
Yee fauourites of a King, are ye not his?  
High be our thoughts, I know my vncle Rie,  
Hath power enough to raise our name: but who comes

*Ans.* More health and more honour my Liege.

*The Tragedie of*

Then can my care made tongue deliver him, To discord an T  
 King. Mine care is open and my heart prepar'd  
 The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,  
 Say, is my Kingdome losse Why was my care,  
 And what losse is it to be rid of care?  
 Strives Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,  
 Greater he shall not be, if he serue God,  
 Weeke serue him too, and be his fellow so.  
 Reuolt our Subiectes, that we can not mende,  
 They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:  
 Cry woe destruction, ruine and decay  
 The worst is death, and death will haue his day  
 Scree. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so minded,  
 To beare the tydings of calamitie,  
 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
 Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their shores,  
 As if the world were all dissolued to teares,  
 So high aboue his limits swell the rage  
 Of Bullingbrooke, conering your fearefull land  
 With hard bright Steele and hearts harder then Steele,  
 White heards haue armd their thinsse and harts like sculps  
 Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces  
 Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female toy  
 In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne  
 Thy very beards men frame to bend their browes,  
 Of double farall woe against thy state  
 Yea distaffe women manage rustie bulles,  
 Against thy feare both young and old rebell  
 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell  
 King. To well to well thou tellst a tale so ill  
 Where is the Earle of Wilshire, where is Bagot,  
 What is become of Bulbeck where is Gremes?  
 That they haue let the dangerous enemy  
 Measure our confines with such peacefull steps  
 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it  
 I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke,  
 Scree. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.  
 King. Oh villaines suppers damned without redemption,  
 Dogs.

Line 22 majestic: boys -- 25 lines.  
 30 For will, for will.



*King Richard the Second.*

Dogs easily would to hunt on any man,  
 Snakes in my heart bloud warme, that sting my heart,  
 Three Iudas each one thrice worse then Iudas,  
 Would they make peace: terrible hell  
 Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this,  
*Sero.* Sweete loue, (I see) changing his property  
 Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.  
 Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made,  
 With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse  
 Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,  
 And lie full low, graue in the hollow ground.  
*Ann.* Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?  
*Seo.* Yea, all of them at Brilow lost their heads.  
*Ann.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?  
*King.* No matter where, of comfort no man speake,  
 Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,  
 Make dust our paper, and with rancke yee  
 Write sorrow on the busome of the earth.  
 Lets choose Executors and talke of wils:  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground,  
 Our lands, our hies, and all are hilling brooke,  
 And nothing can we call our owne, but death,  
 And that small modell of the barren earth,  
 Which serues as paste and cover to our bones,  
 For Gods sake let vs lie vpon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.  
 How some haue bene deposed, some slaine in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,  
 Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,  
 All murdered: for within the hollow Crowne  
 That rounds the mortall temples of a King,  
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique fits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To Monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks,  
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
 As if this flesh which wallies a bout our life,

*Fe*

*Were*

*Line 6 Swete loue I see. 9 With heads.  
 13 I, all of.*

*The Tenth Muse*

Were Brasse impugnable and humord thus,  
Comest thou last, and with a little pin,  
Borest through his Castle walles, and farewell King,  
Cover your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,  
With solemne vowe, doe throw away respect,  
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,  
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,  
I liue with bread like you, feede want,  
Taste griefe, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to mee, I am a King.

*Carl.* My Lord, Wise-men he're sit and waile their woes  
But presently preuent the wayes to wayle,  
To feare the foe, sinte feare oppresth strength,  
Gives in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,  
And so your folkes fight against your selfe:  
Feare, and be slaine, no worke can come to fight:  
And fight and die, is death destroying death,  
Where feareing dying, payes death scrute breath.

*Aun.* My Father hath a power, in que of him,  
And learne to make a body of a thim.

*King.* Thou chidst me with proud Dulness, I come  
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome,  
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,  
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.  
*Say Scroope,* Where lies our Vnckle with his power?

Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fower.

*Scroope.* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,  
The state and inclination of the day,

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue haue but a heavier tale to say,

I play the torturer by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.

Your Vnckle *Toby* is loyn'd with *Dullness*, *brooke*

And all your Northernne Castles yielded vp,

And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes

Vpon his partur.

*King.* Thou hast sayd enough.

Bestrew thee Coole which didst lead me forth

of

*Line 3. castle wall is.*

*King Richard the Second.*

Of that sweet way I was in to dispaire,  
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?  
By heauen He hate him euermore,  
That bids me be of comfort any more,  
Goe to Flint Castle, there He pine away,  
A King woes slave, shall long by shoe obey:  
That power I haue, discharge, and let them go,  
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I haue none, let no man speake againe,  
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

*Ann.* My Liege one word.

*King.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,  
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,  
From Richards night, to Bullenbray faire day.

*Enter Bull. York; North.*

*Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne,  
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed  
With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

*North.* The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,  
Richard hath farr from hence hid his head.

*York.* It would become the Lord Northumberland,  
To say, King Richard, slake the heauens day,  
When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

*North.* Your Grace mistakes, onely to be briefe,  
Left I his tide out.

*York.* The time hath bin, should you haue bin so briefe with  
He would haue bin so briefe to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

*Bull.* Mistake not (Vntile) further then you should.

*York.* Take not (good Cousin) further then you should,  
Least you mistake the heauen are ouer your heads.

*Bull.* I know it Vncke, and oppose not my selfe  
Against their willes. But, who comes heere?  
Welcome Harry: What, will not this Castle yeelde?

*H. Percie.* The Castle is royally man'd my Lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Line 28. would you - 33 our heads  
35 will. 37 chaste royally w -*



*The Trepallie of King*

**Bull.** Royally, why it contains no King  
**H. Per.** Yes (my good Lord) it doth containe a King  
 It doth containe a King, King Richard lies  
 Within the limits of yon lime and stone  
 And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
 Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man  
 Of holy reverence, who I cannot name  
**North.** Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle  
**Br.** Noble Lords, Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle  
 Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of peace  
 Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer  
**H. Bull.** on both his knees, doth kisse King Richards hand  
 And sends allegiance and true fayth of heart  
 To his royall person: hither come  
 Even at his feet, to lay my arms and powers  
 Provided, that my banishment be repald,  
 And lands restored againe be freely granted  
 If not, Ile use the advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,  
 Raine from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen  
 The which, how far off from the minde of Bullingbrook  
 It is, such crimson tincture should be drach  
 The fresh greenelap of Saint King Richards land  
 My stooping due tenderly shall shew  
 Go figure as much, while heere we march  
 Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine,  
 Let march without the noyse of the drumme  
 That from this Castles tattered battlements  
 Our faire appoyntments may be well perused  
 Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meet  
 With no lesse terrout then the Elements  
 Of Fire and Water, when their thundering smoke  
 At meeting reares the cloudy cheekes of heaven  
 Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water  
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne  
 My Waters on the earth, and not on him  
 March on, and make King Richard how he looks

*Thy*

*Line 5 with him are the - 192 And sende  
 15 To his most royal - 29 littered  
 33 Thundering shrikes -*

*King Richard the Second*

*The Trumpet sound, Richard appears with his walls.*

**Bul.** See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,  
As doth the blushing disconcerted Sunne  
From out the fiery partall of the East,  
When he perceives the envious cloudes are bent  
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke  
Of his bright passage to the Occident  
**York.** Yet looks he like a King, behold his eye,  
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth  
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,  
That any harme should staine so faire a shew  
**King.** We are amazed, and thus long haue we stood,  
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King,  
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget  
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence  
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God  
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or surpise  
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,  
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,  
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:  
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,  
Armies of Pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your Children, yet vnborne, and vnbegot,  
That lift your vassale handes against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.  
Tell Bullingbrook (for you doe thinke he stands)  
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding Warre,  
But ere the Crowne he looks for, lye in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sonnes,  
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
Change the complexion of her pale pure cheek  
To

*Lie is alacke, alacke for woe. 14 thy  
lawful.*

*The Tragedie of King Lear*

To scarle indignation and bedew  
Her pature with English blood.  
**North.** The King of heauen forbid: and **Lord the King!**  
Should so with ciuill and unciuill lines  
Be rusht vpon: Thy thrise noble Cousin  
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand  
And by the honourable Tombe he swears  
That standes vpon your royall Grandfathers bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaultrey  
And by the worth and honour of himselfe  
Compriling all that may be sworne or said  
His conning hither hath no further scope,  
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge  
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,  
Which on thy royall pence granted once,  
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,  
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart  
To saythfull seruice of your Maiestie.  
This swears he, as he is a Prince iust:  
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

**King.** Northumberland say thus: the King returns,  
His noble Cousin is richly welcome hither,  
And all the number of his faire demandes  
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,  
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast  
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commender:  
We do debase our selues (Cousin) do we not  
To looke so poorly, and to speake so faintly  
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitour, and to die?

**Ans.** No good my Lord lets fight with gentle wordes;  
Till timelend friends, and friends to their helpfull swords.

**King.** Oh God, oh God where is this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off againe,  
With words of loue! Oh that I were as gentle.

*Line 21 as he is prince for just -  
29 King. He do -*



*Richard the Second.*

As is my griefe, or lesse then my name?  
Or that I could forget what I haue been!  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to bear,  
Since foes haue scope to bear both thee and mee.

*Ans.* Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbrooke.

*King.* What must the King do now? must he submit?  
The King shall do it: Must he be depos'd?  
The King shall be contented: Must he loose  
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:  
Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades:  
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:  
My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne:  
My figured Goblets, for a dish of Wood:  
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:  
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Sainets:  
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue;  
Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,  
Some way of common trade, where subiectes feete  
May hourly trample on their Soueraignes head,  
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live:  
And buried once, why not vpon my head?

*Answr.* thou weepest (my tender-hearted Cousin)  
Weele make foule weather with despised teares;  
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer come,  
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with sheading teares,  
And thus to drop them still vpon one place,  
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues  
Within the earth: and therein layde, their lies  
Two kinsmen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?  
Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,  
I talke but idly, and you laugh at mee.  
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
What sayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maestie  
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

G

You

*Line 30 As thus.*

*The Tragedie of*

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I bring you in A  
*North.* My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,  
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.  
*King.* Downe, downe I come, like glittering Phaeton,  
Wanting the manage of varulie haddes,  
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,  
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.  
In the base court come downe, downe court, downe King  
For night-owles shriek where mounting larks should sing.  
*Bull.* What sayes his Maistie?  
*North.* Sorrow and greefe of heart,  
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man:  
Yet he is come.  
*Bull.* Stand all apart,  
And shew faire due ty to his Maistie.  
*My gracious Lord,*  
*King.* Faire Cousin, you do base your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with killing it:  
Mee rather had my heart might feele your loue,  
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtelie:  
Vp Cousin, vp your heart is vp I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.  
*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I came but for mine owne.  
*King.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.  
*Bull.* So farre be mine, my most redoubred Lord,  
As my true seruice shall detenu your loue.  
*King.* Well you deserue they well deserue to haue  
That know the strong and surest way to get:  
Vnckle, giue me your hands, nay dry your eyes,  
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be my Father.  
What you will haue, imagine and willing too:  
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:  
Set on towards London, Cousin is it so?  
*Bull.* Yea my good Lord:  
*King.* Then I must not say no.

*Exeunt.  
Enter*

*Line 32 my hire.*

*Richard the Second.*

*Enter the Queene with her attendants.*

*Que.* What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,  
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam weele play at bowles.

*Quee.* T will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam weele daunce.

*Quee.* My legs can keepe no measure in delight,  
When my poore heart no measure keeps in grieve:  
Therefore no dauncing gile, some other sport,

*Lady.* Madam weele tell tales,

*Quee.* Of sorrow or of griefe.

*Lady.* Of either Madam.

*Quee.* Of neither gile,

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow:

Or if of griefe, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of ioy:

For what I haue I neede not to repeat,

And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

*Lady.* Madam ile sing.

*Quee.* Tis well that thou hast cause,

But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

*Lady.* I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.

*Quee.* And I could sing would weeping do me good,  
And neuer borrow any reare of thee.

But stay, here cometh the Gardiners,

Lets step into the shadow of these trees,

My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,

They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,

Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

*Enter Gardiners.*

*Gard.* Goe bind thou vp, you dangling Apricockes,

Which like vniuersity children make their fire

Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Giue some suppoztance to the bending twigs,

Goe thou, and like an executioner

G.

Cut

*Line 27 here comes.*



*The Tragedie of*

Cut off the heads of two fast growing Spraves,  
That looke too lustie in our Common-wealth:  
All must be euen in our gouernment.  
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away  
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke  
The soyles fertilitie from hollesome Flowers.

*Man.* Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,  
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,  
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,  
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land  
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,  
Her fruit trees all vnpruned, her hedges ruinde,  
Her Knots disordered; and her hollesome Herbes  
Swarming with Caterpillers.

*Gard.* Hold thy peace.  
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring  
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe.  
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,  
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,  
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:  
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie Greene.

*Man.* What, are they dead?  
*Gard.* They are.  
And Bullingbrooke hath seized the wastfull King.  
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde  
And drest his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere.  
Do wound the barked skinne of our fruit trees,  
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,  
With too much riches it confound it selfe.  
Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
They might haue liues to beare, and he to taste  
Their fruites of ductie: superfluous branches  
Weloppe away, that bearing boughes may liue.  
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

*Man.* What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?  
*Gard.* Deprest he is already, and deposde.

*Line 5 - which without . . . 9 as in a . . .*  
*18 weedes which he . . . 20 plucked up . . .*  
*25 is it. 28 in sappe . . .*

*King Richard the Second.*

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,  
That tell blacke tidingses.

*Queen.* Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking  
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing  
What *Euen* what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?  
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth  
Dwine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
Camst thou by this ill tidingses? speake thou wretch?

*Gard.* Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I  
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde.  
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
And some few vanities that make him light:  
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,  
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
And with that oddes, he weiges King Richard downe.  
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;  
I speake no more then every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,  
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,  
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest  
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe  
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe  
To meete at London Londons King in woe.  
What, was I borne to this, that my fadd looke,  
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?  
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,  
Pray God the Plants thou grafst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

*Gard.* Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse  
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:  
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,  
He set a bancke of Row sowe Heare of grace;

G 3

Rew,

*Line 2 of the good duke. 12 Canst thou.  
14 this new. Penult. did she fall a tear.*

*The Tragedie of*

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be scene,  
In remembrance of a weeping Queene, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.*

*Bull.* Call foorth Bagot.

*Enter Bagot.*

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,  
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,  
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde  
The bloodie office of his timelesse end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Bull.* Coosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered :  
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,  
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,  
That reacheth from the restfull English court  
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?  
Amongst much other talke, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,  
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,  
How blest this land would be in this your Coosins death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble Lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,  
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?  
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soild  
With the attainer of his slanderous lips:  
There is my gage, the mariuall scale of death,  
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,  
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,  
In thy heart blood, though being all too base  
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

*Bull.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mooued me so.

*Faz.* If that thy valoure stand on simpatie,  
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine.

*By*

*Line 2 In the remembrance 25 give them  
29 hell: I say thou liest.*



*King Richard the Second.*

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death:  
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,  
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

*Aum.* Thou darst bbt (coward) linc I to see the day.

*Fitz.* Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

*Aum.* Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

*L. Per.* Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true;

In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To proue it on thee to the extreamest poynt  
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou darst.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele  
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

*Another L.* I take the earth to the he (for sworne *Aumerle*),  
And spur thee on with full as many lies;  
As it may be holliwed in thy trecherous eare  
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne,  
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

*Aum.* Who lets me else? by heauen he throw at all.  
I haue a thousand spirits in one breath,  
To answer twentie thousand such as you.

*Svr.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.

*Fitz.* Tis very true, you were in presence then;  
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

*Svr.* As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

*Fitz.* Suerrie thou liest! (sword.)

*Svr.* Dishonourable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my  
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,  
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,  
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.  
In prooffe whereof there is my honors pawne,  
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

*Fitz.*

*Linc's which shewes - 7 that day -  
10 I take -*

*The Tragedie of*

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse,  
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,  
I dare meete Surry in a Wildernesse,  
And spit vpon him whilst I say, he lyes,  
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of fayth,  
To tie thee to my strong correction:  
As I intend to thrue in this new world,  
*Aumerle* is guiltie of my true appeale.  
Besides, I heard the banished *Norffolke* say:  
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

*Ann.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
That *Norffolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,  
If he may be repeald to try his honour?

*Ball.* These differences shall all rest vnder gage,  
Till *Norffolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be,  
And though mine enemy, restor'd againe  
To all his lands and signories: when he is return'd,  
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.

*Carl.* That honorable day shall neuer be scene:  
Many a time hath banisht *Norffolke* fought  
For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the Ensigne of the christian Crosse,  
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,  
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe  
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue  
His body to a pleasant countreys earth,  
And his pure soule vnto his captaine Christ,  
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

*Ball.* Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?

*Carl.* As sure as I liue, my Lord.

*Ball.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome  
Of good old Abraham: Lords appeallants,  
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,  
Till we assigne you to your dayes of tryall.

*Enter Turke.*

*Turke.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,

From

*Line 5 there is bond... 10 at Calice  
21 from 26 that pleasant 30 surely*

*King Richard the Second.*

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule  
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes  
To the possession of thy royall hand:  
Ascend his Trone, descending now from him,  
And long live *Henrie*, fourth of that name.

*Bull.* In Gods name. He ascend the Regall throne.

*Carl.* Mary God forbid.

Worst in this royall presence I may speake:  
Yet best befitting me to speake the truth:  
Would God any in this noble presence,  
Were enough noble to be upright Iudge  
Of noble *Richard*: Then true noblenesse would  
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.

What subiect can giue sentence on his King?

And who sit not here that is not *Richards* subiect?

Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare.

Although apparant guilt be seene in them:

And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,

His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,

Annoynted, crowned, planted many yeeres,

Be iudg'd by subiect and inferior birth?

And he himselfe not present? Oh forswerd in Gods name.

That in a Christian Climate soules refine

Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed.

I speake to subiects, and a subiect speaks.

Stir'd vp by God thus boldly for his King.

My Lord of *Hereford* here wil quene you call King.

Is a foule traitour to proud *Herefords* King.

And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground.

And future ages ground for his foule act.

Peace shall goe sleepe with *Turkes* and *Infidels*.

And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound.

Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,

Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald

The field of *Golgotha* and dead mens blood.

OH.

H

OH.

*Line 2 the heire -- 8 may for 10 god  
that any -- 12 noblesse. 15 who sitd here --  
31 this foule --*



*The Tragedie of*

Oh if you raise this House against his house,  
It will the wofullest diuision prone,  
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth:  
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
Least child, childe children crie against you woe.

*North.* Well haue you argued sir, and for your paynes,  
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here:  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.

[May it please you Lords, to graunt the common suite,  
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view  
He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspicion.]

*Torke.* I will be his conduct.

*Bull.* Lords, you that are heere, are vnder our arrest,  
Procure your Sureties for your dayes of answere;  
Litle are we beholding to your loue,  
And litle looke for at your helping hands.

*Enter King Richard.*

*Rich.* Alacke why am I sent for to a King,  
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts  
Wherewith I raignd; I hardly yet haue leant  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?  
Gine Sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this submission:  
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,  
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes cry all hayle  
To me? so *Indus* did to *Christ*, but he in twelue,  
Found truth in all but one; in twelue thousand none:  
God saue the King, will no man say Amen:  
Am I both Priest and Clarke, well then, Amen,  
God saue the King, although I be not hee,  
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:  
To doe what seruice him I sent for hither.

*Torke.* To doe that office of thine owne good will,  
Which first maiestie did make thee offer,  
The resignation of thy State and Crowne.

To *Harry Bullenbrook*.

*Rich.* Seale the Crowne.

H

Heere

*Line 1. if you raise this house against this house.  
4 resist it, let it.*

*From line 9 to 4 in sign. 11. 36. not in the  
edit. of 1597 - In that copy after Northam -*

*King Richard the Second.*

Heere Cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours:  
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,  
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,  
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,  
The other downe vnseene, and full of Water:  
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,  
Drinking my griefe, whilst you mount vp on high.

*Bull.* I thought you had been willing to resigne:

*Rich.* My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are nine:  
You may my Glories and my State depose,  
But not my Griefes, still am I King of those.

*Bul.* Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

*Rich.* Your cares set vp, do not plucke my cares downe:  
My care is losse of care, by old care don,  
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:  
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,  
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

*Bull.* Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

*Rich.* I, no no I; for, I must nothing bee,  
Therefore no no, for I resigne to thee.

Now marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:  
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,  
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:  
With mine owne teares I wash away my balme,  
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,  
With mine owne tongue deay my sacred state,  
With mine owne breath release all duties rites,  
All pompe and maiestie I do forswear,  
My Manners, Rentes, Reuenues I forgoe,  
My Aſſes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:  
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me;  
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that sweare to thee:  
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing griued;  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all archieud:  
Long mayst thou live in *Richards* seat to sit,  
And soone lie *Richards* in an earthy pit.

54

H 2

God

*Berlands* speech ending with the word *hail*,  
follows these lines:

*Bull.* Let it be so; and loe on Wednesday next  
We solemnly proclaim our coronation;  
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

*The Tragedie of*

God saue King *Harry*, ynkings *Richard* sayes,  
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes,  
What more remaines

*North.* No more, but that you read  
These accusations, and these greuous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the State and profit of this Land,  
That by confessing them, the soules of men  
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

*Rich.* Must I doe so? and must I trauell out  
My weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumb:land*?  
If thy offences were vpon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,  
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,  
Contayning the deposing of a King,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,  
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:  
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,  
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe,  
Though some of you (with *Pilate*) wash your hands,  
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilate*,  
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,  
And water can not wash away your sinnes.

*North.* My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles:

*Rich.* Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see,  
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere  
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,  
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest,  
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent  
To vndecke the pompous body of a King,  
Made Glory base, and Soueraigntie a slaue,  
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

*North.* My Lord,

*Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
Nor no mans Lord, I haue no name, no title,

No



*King Richard the Second.*

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,  
But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day  
That I haue worne so many Winters out  
And know not now, what name to call my selfe.  
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,  
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,  
To melt my selfe away in water drops.  
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good;  
And if my name be starling, yet in Englang  
Let it commaund a mirour hether straye  
That it may shew me what a face I haue,  
Since it is banckront of his Maiestie.

*Bull.* Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.

*North.* Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

*Rich.* Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

*Bull.* Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The Commons will not then be satisfied.

*Rich.* They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough;

When I do see the very Booke indeed,  
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.  
Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinkles yet  
Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this  
Face of mine, and made no deeper woundes.  
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!  
Was this the face that every day vnder his  
Houshold rooffe did keepe ten thousand men?  
Was this the face that faast so many follies,  
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke*?  
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,  
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,  
For there it is cracke in a hundred shiners:  
Marke silent King the morall of this sport,  
How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face!

*Bull.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd  
The shadow of your face.

*Rich.* Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow,  
Hath destroyd tis very true, my griefe

*The Tragedie of*

Lies all within, and these externall manners.  
Of laments are meere shadowes to the vnticene  
Griefe that swelles with silence in the tortured soules  
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest  
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause: Hee bagge one boone,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

*Bull.* Name it faire Cousin.

*Rich.* Faire Coole, why? I am greater then a King:  
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects,  
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere  
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

*Bul.* Yet aske.

*Rich.* And shall I haue it?

*Bul.* You shall.

*Rich.* Why then giue me leave to goe.

*Bul.* Whither?

*Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Bul.* Goe some of you conuey him to the Tower.

*Rich.* O good conuey, conueyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

*Bul.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set downe  
Our Coronation, Lords prepare your selues.

*Exeunt. Marcellus, Corbillion, Ananias.*

*Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

*Carl.* The woes to come, the children yet vnborne,  
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

*Ann.* You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,  
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,  
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,  
To bury mine intencion, but also to effect,  
What euer I shall happen to deuise:  
I see your browes are full of discontent,  
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares:  
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,  
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

*Exeunt.*

11

*Exeunt.*

*plini 30 My Lo: before. 35 heark.*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Enter Queens, with her attendants.*

*Queene.* This way the King will come, this is the way  
To *Iulius Casars* ill erected Tower,  
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord  
Is doomde a prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.  
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth  
Haue any resting for her true Kings *Queene*.

*Enter Richard.*

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,  
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,  
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,  
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.  
Ah thou the modell vvhich old *Troy* did stand!  
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,  
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,  
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,  
When triumph is become an Alehouse guests?

*Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,  
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,  
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,  
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)  
To grimme Necessitie, and he and I  
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,  
And doyster thee in some religious house:  
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,  
Which our praphane houres hether haue throwne downe.

*Queene.* What is my *Richards* both in shape and minde,  
Transformed and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*  
Deposde thine intellectu: hath he been in thy heart?  
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,  
To be o'repow'rd, and wilt thou Pupil-like  
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rodde,  
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,  
Which art a Lion and a King of beastes?

*King.* A King of Beastes indeed, if aught but beast,

I

*Line 34 Take the - 36 the king -  
37 but beastes.*



*The Tragedie of*

I had been still a happy King of men.  
 Good (sometime Queen) prepare thee hence for France.  
 Thinke I am dead, and that even heere thou takest  
 As from my death-bed my last living leave.  
 In Winters tedious nights sit by the fire  
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales  
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,  
 And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,  
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 And sende the hearers weeping to their beds:  
 For why, the sencelesse brands will sympathy  
 The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,  
 And in compassion receiue the fire out,  
 And some will moune in ashes, some cole blacke,  
 For the deposing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrook* is chang'd.  
 You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.  
 And Madam, there is order tane for you,  
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

*King.* *Northumberland*, thou ladder where withall  
 The mounting *Bullingbrook* ascends my throne,  
 The time shall not be many houres, of age  
 More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,  
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke  
 Though he deuide the Realme and giue thee halfe,  
 It is too little helping him to all.  
 He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way  
 To plant vnrighfull Kinges, wilt knowe againe  
 Being nere so little yea'd another way,  
 To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne.  
 The loue of wicked men conuerter to feare,  
 That feare, to hate, and hate ouercomes one or both  
 To vvorthy danger and deserued death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head and there an end.  
 Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.  
*King.* Doubly diuorc't, (baddemen) you violate

*Line 2 sometimes. 4 thy last. 6 the tales. 8 grieues. 11 sympathize. 29 wilt know.*

*Richard the Second.*

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,  
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.  
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:  
And yet not so, for with a kisset was made,  
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,  
Where sheering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:  
My Wife to France, from whence set forth in pompe,  
She came adorned hither, like sweete May,  
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

*Queen.* And must we be deuic'd? must we part?

*King.* I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

*King.* That were some loue, but litle policie.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

*King.* So two together weeping, make one woë;  
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,  
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:  
Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

*Queen.* So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

*King.* I wile for one step Ile grone, the way being short,  
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.  
Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be bricke,  
Since wedding is, there is such length in grieke:  
One kille shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,  
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:

*Queen.* Giue me thy owne againe, were no good part,  
To take on me to keepe and kill thy heart.  
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,  
That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

*King.* Wee take Woe wanton with this fond delay,  
Once more adieu, there rest for sorrow say.

*Enter Duke of York and his Daughters.*

*Duc.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you breake the story.  
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

*York.* Where did Heaue

*Duc.* At that sad stop my Lord, Where

*Line 2. What shall my crown. 3. What shall  
16. What then for. 34. story of.*

*The Tragedie of Richard*

Where rude misgouern'd hands from wilde weeds top, A  
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head, A  
 Yorke. Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke, A  
 Mounted vpon a hore and fierie steeds, A  
 Which his aspiring rider seemde to know, A  
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course, A  
 While all tongues cryde, God saue the Bullingbrooke, A  
 You would haue thought the very Windows spake, A  
 So many greedy lookes of young and old, A  
 Through Casements darted their desiring eyes, A  
 Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles, A  
 With painted imagery had said at once, A  
 Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke, A  
 Whilst he from the one side to the other turning, A  
 Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, A  
 Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen, A  
 And thus still doing, thus he past along, A  
*Dut.* Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the while, A  
 704. As in a Theater the eyes of men, A  
 After a gulling space, A  
 Are idely bent on him that enters next, A  
 Thinking his pride to be dishonour, A  
 Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes, A  
 Did scoute on gentle Richard, no man cried, O, A  
 No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home, A  
 But *Dut.* Was there any upon his sacred head, A  
 Which with such gentle touch had kept off, A  
 His face still combating with teares and smiles, A  
 The badges of his griefe and patiently, A  
 That had not God for some strong purpose shew, A  
 The hearts of men, this wasteful time, A  
 And Barbarisme it selfe had bin, A  
 But Heauen hath a hand in these deuotes, A  
 To whose high will we bound our calmes contentes, A  
 To Bullingbrooke, whose swaine subiect now, A  
 Whose state and honour I for a while, A  
*Dut.* Here comes my kinne Auntie, A  
 705. *(Enter Auntie)* A  
 Yorke.

*Line 18 note he... Antiprimit subjects...*



*Richard the Second.*

**Torke.** Aumerle that was,  
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:  
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:  
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth  
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.

**Dut.** Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,  
That strew the greenelappe of the new-come spring.

**Aum.** Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,  
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

**Torke.** Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,  
Least you be crop't before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford of these iusts & triumphs hold?

**Aum.** For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

**Torke.** You will be there I know.

**Aum.** If God prevent not I purpose so.

**Torke.** What scale is that that hangs without thy bosome?

**Yea,** lookst thou pale to see the writing.

**Aum.** My Lord, tis nothing.

**Torke.** No matter then who see it,  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

**Aum.** I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not haue scene.

**Torke.** Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.  
I feare, I feare.

**Dut.** What should you feare?

Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into  
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

**Torke.** Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond  
That he is bound to: Wife, thou art a foole;

**Boy,** let me see the writing.

**Aum.** I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

**Torke.** I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say:

*He pluckes out of his bosome, and reads it.*

Treason, foule treason of villaine maytor, slave.

**Dut.** What is the matter, my Lord?

**Torke.** Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse:

*Line 6 who are the . . . 28 triumph day.*

*The Tragedie of*

God for his mercy! what trechery is here?

*Du.* Why, what is it my Lord?

*Yorke.* Give me my bootes I say, fiddle my horse,  
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villaine.

*Du.* What is the matter?

*Take.* Peace foolish woman,

*Du.* I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

*Aumerle.* Good mother be content, it is no more  
Then my poore life must answere.

*Du.* Thy life answere?

*Yorke.* Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

*His Almoner with his Beant.*

*Du.* Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazed,  
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

*Take.* Give me my bootes I say.

*Du.* Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?  
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?  
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?  
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,  
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

*Yorke.* Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?  
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set downe their hands,  
To kill the King at Oxford.

*Du.* He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,  
Then what is that to him?

*Yor.* A way fond woman, were he twenty times my sonne,  
I would appeach him.

*Du.* Hadst thou ground for him as I haue done,  
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect  
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

*Sweet*

*Line 4 Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth.  
is thou art.*

*King Richard the Second.*

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,  
He is as lik thee as a nian may be,  
Not like me or any of my kinne,  
And yet I loue him.

*Yorke.* Make way vnruely woman.

*Exit.*

*Du.* After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,  
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,  
He not be long behind, though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,  
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,  
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

*Enter the King with his Nobles.*

*King H.* Can no man tell me of my vnchristie sonne?  
Tis full three months since I did see him last,  
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee,  
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:  
Inquire at London, amongst the Tauerne there,  
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With vnrestrained loose companions,  
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,  
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

*H. Per.* My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince,  
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*King.* And what said the gallant?

*Percie.* His answer was, he would to the stewes,  
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,  
And weare it as a faubur, and with that  
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

*King H.* As dissolute as desperate, yet through both  
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares  
May happily bring forth. But who comes hether?

*Ann.* Where is the King?

*(so wildly?)*

*King H.* What meanes our coofin that he stares and looks

*Line 3. Not like to me. 28 unbr ther.*  
*33 sparkes*



*The Tragedie of York*

*Ann.* God save your Grace, I do beseech your Maiestie  
To haue some conference with you in Grace alone.

*King.* Withdraw your selfe, and leaue vs heere alone.

*Ann.* For euer may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleaue to my roose within my mouth,

Vnlesse a pardon ere I haue conspake.

*King.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous is it, but  
To winne thy after looke, I pardon thee.

*Ann.* Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*King.* Haue thy desire.

*York.* My liege be aware, looke to thy selfe,  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*King.* Villaine, hee make thee safe.

*Ann.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.

*York.* Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King,  
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy facts?

Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

*King.* What is the matter vnde, speake, recouer breath,  
Tell vs, how neere is danger,

That we may arme vs to encounter it?

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,  
The treason that thy haste forbids me show.

*Ann.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,  
I doe repent me, reade not my name there.

*York.* It was (villaine) with thy hand did set it downe,  
I tore it from the traitors booke (King)

Feare, and not loue, begot this penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

*King.* O heynous, strong, and halde conspiracy,  
O blyssful father of a treacherous sonne,  
Thou there immaculate and siluer Fountaine,  
From

*Line 11. that may turne.*

*King Richard the Second*

From whence this streame through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defiled himselfe:  
Thy overflow of good convertes to backe  
And thy abundant goodnes shall exteise  
This deadly blot in thy disgresing samite

*York.* So shall my Verge, be his Vices bande;  
And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,  
As thriftles Sonnes, who scraping Fathers Golde  
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies;  
Or my shame life in his dishonour lies;  
Thou killst me in his life, giving him breath;  
The traytor liues, the true mans priu to death.

*Dur.* What hast thou Liège for Gods sake let me in

*King.* What shrill voyce'd suppliant makes this eger cry?

*Dur.* A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) as I,  
Speake with me, praye me open the doore,  
A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before

*King.* Our scene is altered from a serious thing;  
And now change de to the Beggar and the King  
My dangerous Cousin, tell our Mother in  
I know she is come to pray for your redemption

*York.* I praye for pardon who for ever praye  
More times for this forefents, prosper may  
This fetterd joynt cut off the rest rest found;  
This let alone, will let the rest confound

*Dur.* Oh King! beleeve me this hand that shedd mans  
Loue louing not it soffer none other run

*York.* Thou wast like woman, what dost thou make heres  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare

*Dur.* Sweete York be patient, heare me gentle Liège.

*King.* Rise up good Aunt

*Dur.* Not yet I thus beseech  
For euer will I walke vpon my knees

And neuer see day that the happy see,  
Till thou giue ioy, vntill thou bid me ioy

By pardoning Richard, my transgressing boy;  
Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee

*York.*

*The Tragedie of York*

*York.* Against them both my true ioynts headed be  
 Ill mayst thou thrive if thou graunt any grace  
*Duch.* Pleadeth he in earnest looke vpon his face  
 His eyes do drop no teares his prayers are in iest  
 His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breaste  
 He prayes but faintly, and would be denide  
 We pray with heart and soule, and all beside  
 His weary ioynts vould gladly rise I know  
 Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow  
 His prayers are full of false hypocrisie  
 Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie  
 Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue  
 That mercy which true prayer ought to haue

*King.* Good Aunt stand vp.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say, stand vp  
 Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp  
 And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach  
 Pardon should be the first word of thy speach  
 I neuer longd to heare a word till now  
 Say pardon King let pittie teach thee how  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweete  
 No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete

*York.* Speake it in French, King say, Pardon me

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy  
 Ah my sowre Husband my hard beamed Lord  
 That sets the word it selfe against the word  
 Speake pardon as tis currant in our land  
 The chopping French we do not vnderstand  
 Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there  
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare  
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce  
 Pittie may moue thee pardon to rehearse

*King H.* Good Aunt stand vp

*Duch.* I doe not sue to stand  
 Pardon is all the sure I haue in hand

*King.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee

*Yet*

*Line 5 His vnder come. 14 Yorkes Goddau.*



*King Richard the Second.*

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;  
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,  
But makes one Pardon strong.

*King.* I pardon him with all my heart.

*Duc.* A God on earth thou art.

*King.* But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,  
With all the rest of that comforted crew,  
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,  
Good vncle, helpe to order feuerall powers  
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,  
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
But I will haue them, if I once know where.  
Vncle farewell, and coosin adue,  
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

*Duc.* Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

*Exeunt. Maries Sic Pierce Exton &c.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not marke the K. what works he spake?  
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?  
Was it not so?

*Man.* These were his very wordes.

*Exton.* Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,  
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

*Man.* He did.

*Exton.* and speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,  
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,  
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,  
Meaning the King at *Paufrut*. Come, lets go,  
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

*Enter Richard alone.*

*Rich.* I haue been studying how to compare  
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,  
I can not do it; yet Ile hammer it out:  
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soules  
My soule the father, and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.

K

And

*Line 17 words. 24 wistly. 30 how  
I may compare.*

*The Tragicke of*

And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humours like the people of this world :  
For no thought is contented : the better fort,  
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt  
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe  
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe  
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell  
To threed the small posterne of a small needles eye :  
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot  
Vnlikely wonders : how these vaine weake nayles  
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:  
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,  
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,  
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,  
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars,  
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame,  
That many haue, and others must sit there,  
And in this thought they finde a kind of ease,  
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe  
Of such as haue before indurde the like.  
Thus play I in one Prison many people,  
And none contented ; sometimes am I a King,  
Then treasons make me with my selfe a Begger,  
And so I am: then crushing Penurie  
Perswades me I was better when a King;  
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,  
Thinke that I am vnkingde by *chilling broke*,  
And straite am nothing. But what ere I be,  
Nor I, nor any man, that bus man is,  
With nothing shall be please, till he be easde  
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *Musicks play*  
Ha, ha, keepe time, how sowe sweete Musicke is  
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,  
So is it in the musicke of mens liues:  
And heere haue I the daintinesse of care  
To checke Time broke in disordered string.

But

*Line 6 Against the word. 8 To threed  
the posterne. 22 one person. 23 am I king.  
27 Then am I kingde. 44 in a disordered.*

*King Richard the Second.*

But for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an eare to heare thy true Time broke:  
I wasted Time, and now doth Time wasteme:  
For now hath Time made his numbring clocke,  
My thoughts are minuts, and with sighes they iarre,  
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch  
Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,  
Is poynting still, in cleansing them from teares.  
Now sir, the found that tels what houre it is,  
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,  
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,  
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time  
Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,  
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:  
This Musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,  
For though it haue holpe madd men to their wits,  
In me it seemes it will make wise men madd.  
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,  
For 'tis a signe of lone: and loue to *Richard*,  
Is a strange Brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a Grooms of the Stable.*

*Grooms.* Haile royall Prince.

*Rich.* Thankes noble Peare:

The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man neuer comes but that sad Dogge,  
That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?

*Grooms.* I was a poore Grooms of thy stable, King,  
When thou wert King: who traouelling towards Yorke,  
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,  
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:  
Oh how it end my heart, when I beheld  
In London streetes that Coronation day,  
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,  
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,  
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

*Rich.* Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

K 2

How

*Line 4 made me his.*



*The Tragedie of*

How went he vnder him?

*Groome.* So proudly, as if he disdaind the ground.

*Rich.* So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:

That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:

Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?

Since pride must haue a fall; and breake the necke

Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?

Forgiuenes Horse, why do I rayle on thee?

Since thou created to be awde by man,

Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,

Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

*Keeper.* Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

*Rich.* If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

*Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meate.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

*Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keeper.* My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*Rich.* The diuell take Henry of Lancaster and thee:

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*Keeper.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*The murderers rush in.*

*Rich.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?

Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,

Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

*Here Exton strikes him downe.*

*Rich.* That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the Kings blood stained the Kings owne hand:

Mount, mount my horse, thy seate is vp on me,

Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward heere to dig.

*Exton.* As full of valoure, as of royall blood,

Both haue I spilld; Oh would the deed were good.

For now the Diuell that told me I did well,

Saye

*King Richard the Second.*

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:  
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,  
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere.

*Exit.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of York.*

*King.* Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire  
Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire:  
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:  
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* First, to thy sacred state with I all happinesse,  
The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
The heades of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appeare  
At large discoursed in this Paper heere.

*King.* We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,  
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

*Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,  
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,  
That fought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

*King.* Thy paynes Fitz: shall not be forgot,  
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

*Enter Henrie Percie.*

*Per.* The graund conspirator Abbōt of Westminster,  
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,  
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;  
But heere is *Carleil* liuing, to abide  
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

*King.* *Carleil*, this is your doome,  
Chooſe out some ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome  
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life,  
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:  
For though mine enimie thou haſt euer been,  
High ſparkes of honour in thee haue I ſcene.

*The Tragedie of*

*Enter Extor with the Coffin.*

*Extor.* Great King, within this Coffin I present  
Thy buried feare : herein all breathlesse lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
*Richard of Burdeaux*, by mee hither brought.

*King.* *Extor*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought  
A deede of slaughter with thy fatall hand,  
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

*Extor.* From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.

*King.* They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,  
Nor doe I thee, though I did with him dead;  
I hate the murderer, loue him murdered :

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour :  
With *Came* goe wander through the shade of night,  
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me growe;  
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,  
And put on sullen blacke incontinent :

He make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,  
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

*Line 6 of flauender through  
15, shades of.*



